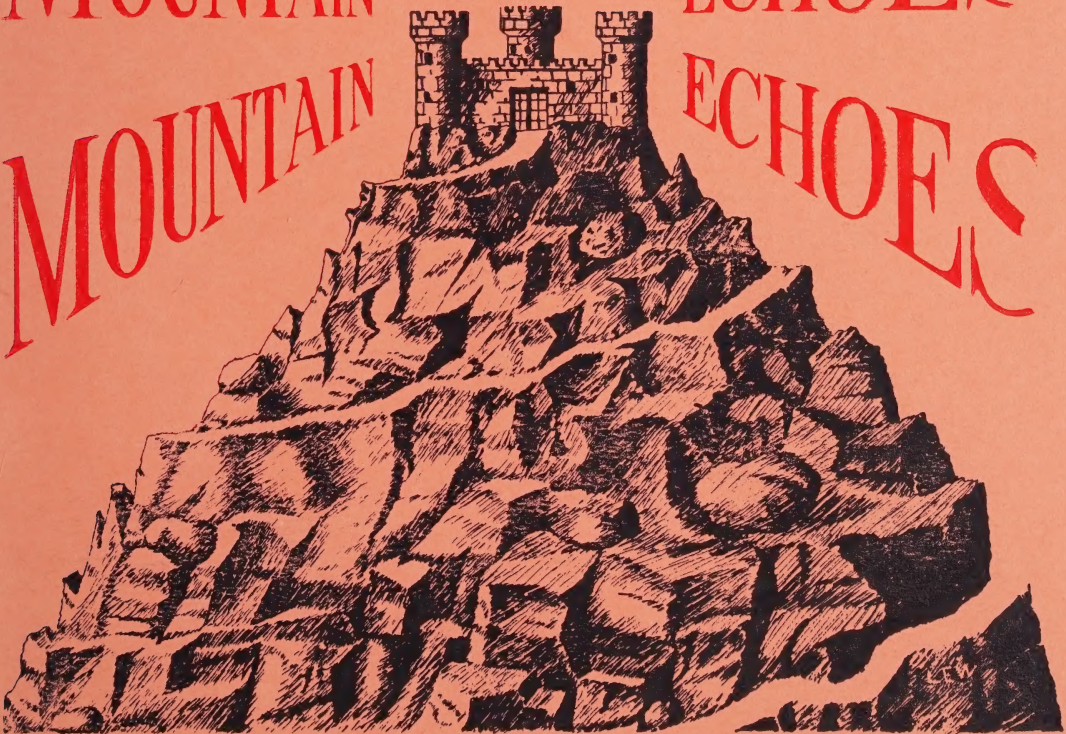




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ADMINISTRATION

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J. Wickey

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N. Orlesky

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Teacher-Librarian

P.T.I

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Prot. Chaplain

R.C. Chaplain

Chief Steward



MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

CENSUS

May 8 to June 8

Population	446
High Number	7710
Received	18
Discharged	16
Tickets-Of-Leave	2
Pardons	0
Escapes	1
Deaths	0
Transfers-Out	1
Transfers-In	32
Deported	0

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Mountain Echoes

July—1958

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Photo-engraving

Courtesy of

The Winnipeg Tribune,
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Concerning This Issue

One of the biggest events of the year in this institution, the July 1st Track and Field Day, is just around the corner as we put the finishing touches on this issue of Mountain Echoes. The print shop staff started off the month with the printing of the 500 programs for this event.

The printing of the programs gave the staff an opportunity to try out some of the new type now available, thanks to Messers J. McLellan, Frank Watson and Bob Watson of Systems Equipment Limited. Before you turn many pages of this issue you will notice the improvement that the addition of this type has made in the lay-out. The shaded headlines and "Poet's Corner" are the first of many experiments which we hope you will find eye-pleasing.

In an attempt to give our outside readers a better idea of the activities in Stony, members of the editorial board or inmates from various shops will, in the next few months, try to pass on a birds-eye-view of the shops in which inmates spend their day. "A Glance At The Carpenter Shop," together with the "Photo Feature" pages, was handled by Mitch Herman, the Echoes photoman.

The cost of the engravings in this issue was again borne by our friends at the Winnipeg Tribune. For the benefit of those who may not be in the know, due to our very limited funds now that we no longer carry an ad, the photo pages would not be possible without this very generous contribution by members of the Tribune staff. Thanks again fellas.

A new feature in our magazine is "The Tattlers Tales" which will keep readers informed of some of the latest goings-on around the Mountain. The Author? Wouldn't you like to know!

As we do not have the space to cover all of the leagues or each of the Giant All Star games against outside competition, our Sports Editor, Frank Kramaric, has the problem of deciding which of the games should receive coverage in any particular issue. We will try to get around to all of the different teams before the season ends—if possible. The 'C' League, to which we have not yet been able to allot space, will receive coverage in our next issue. One or two of the All Star games will be covered each issue and undoubtedly Frank will try to select those games which seemed to be most exciting.

"Poet's Corner" this month carries the initial contributions of Ken Leishman and G. Allen. We feel the reader will enjoy the poetic comments made by these men. This page in our mag is usually difficult to fill, so if there are any poets in the house you can be sure we will welcome your contributions.

Those of you who have read the fiction work of Pat Saito are probably in for another surprise when you reach the ending of "The Face Of Justice" on page 18. Once again Pat has put together an entertaining story that will carry you through to its unusual ending.

Have you considered the problems awaiting the inmate upon his release? Don't miss "Court Of Opinion."

EDITORIALY SPEAKING

WHAT ABOUT DELINQUENT PARENTS

By Wally Manson

Juvenile delinquency has taken many years to breed and spawn. It was fostered, nursed, protected and cultivated by civilization. Even now, when the problem is so prevalent, we continue to feed its ego. Many factors have contributed to this current social monster and are continuing to feed its flame.

Following the first great war, while the democracies of the world were faintly aware of the stirrings and uneasiness of the conceived but yet unborn child, "Industrialization," we adopted "Woman Suffrage." The results of these two constituents established a new manner of living for the family—one that seems in many cases to be disastrous for the family.

Industrial living produced the social diseases known as "chasing the buck" and "keeping up with the Jones'" with which the roots of juvenile delinquency are closely interlaced.

It is certainly not fair to place all the blame on the teen-ager who has developed a haywire outlook on life. What is the good of trying to find a method of correcting the juvenile when the persons responsible for the problem continue to shun their guilt while looking around for a scapegoat?

It is the insidious nature of the parents as well as the immaturity of the teen-ager that deadlocks corrective measures.

The average parent of today is a conformist. Why? Because the last four decades has created a scheme of living in which it is considered smart to take it easy and let the other fellow do the work. Admittedly it's nice to be a conformist. It calls for little or no imagination and less effort. The only possible result is decadence. Juvenile delinquency is part of this social decadence.

Is it possible that parents of today are imposing rules of conduct on the teen-ager that have no real place in our present society? Is the parent of today capable of setting an example of the pattern a juvenile should adhere to in order to become a useful and respected citizen, or are they too busy chasing the buck in order to keep up with the Jones'?

There are thousands of examples of adults who have not been able to adjust to the pressures of our modern, fast-paced living. Let's not lay the whole blame on the juvenile.

The antidote for today's mixed-up-kid lies with those responsible for his creation. Punitive correction as practised by law enforcement agencies is definitely not the answer to this social problem. There are many capable and conscientious parents whose children will never be a problem. There are other parents who, although they have the welfare and happiness of their children at heart, must wake up to reality. They should do a little deep thinking and make an honest and continued effort to do their share in alleviating the problem of juvenile delinquency.

A Letter To The Reader

Manitoba Penitentiary

July, 1958

In the feature "Court Of Opinion," which re-appeared in our publication in the June issue, we asked inmates in this institution what additional features they would like to see in the Mountain Echoes. All of those asked showed a keen interest in the addition of a "Letters To The Editors" page.

The Mountain Echoes, along with the 250 odd penal publications in Canada and the U.S.A., has endeavored in the past to create better understanding between free and imprisoned men.

Although there have been many instances where it has been evident that thought-provoking articles by the Penal Press have created interest and brought some results, we have little opportunity of gauging the reactions of our outside readers.

Many of the subscribers to our magazine are relatives or friends of men serving time in this institution or, people who are deeply interested in social problems similar to the ones with which we deal. They are therefore acquainted with many of our problems and ideas.

We realize that there is a mass of people, who should be interested in penal problems, that we cannot reach because of the limitations of our circulation. However it is always reassuring to know that we are "reaching" those whom we can reach.

As a reader, there may be articles with which you agree—and those with which you don't. There may be themes which you feel have been over-stressed or subjects which you feel have been neglected. We would like to know your opinion.

Commencing with our next issue, a "Letters To The Editors" column will be a regular feature.

We hope that you enjoy reading the Mountain Echoes and that you drop us a note with your comments. The address? Mountain Echoes, care of The Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Man.

Sincerely,

Al. Jackson



ETCETERA

By Al. Jackson

If you wander around the confines of the Mountain, sooner or later you will run into an inmate who in conversation seems to pay close attention not only to what you say, but to the meaning you intend. If you are passing on some local gossip or the latest rumor, he may even annoy you somewhat by asking, "How do you know?" or "What do you mean?"

You may wonder at his use of such expressions as "to me," "from my point of view," "I may be wrong," "as far as I know," and you might notice that although he may have said what you considered to be more than enough to illustrate a point, he often tacks "etcetera" on the end of his statements if he happens to be talking to another inmate with some of these habits.

This inmate is likely one of the forty or so in the institution who, under the leadership of psychologist F.S. Wilson in the group-therapy classes, has been studying "General Semantics."

Through discussions in the classes and the study of some of the works of leading authors in this field, these men have been made aware of an often over-looked source of many of the problems of daily living--the effect that language may have on us because of its structure or because of faulty language habits.

The members of the class, who meet each week, were first introduced to the rapidly developing science of general semantics some ten months ago. For some, if not all, it was their first venture into serious thought and discussion about the tools of communication—words.

They soon discovered that our language has many pitfalls of which they were not aware and that its structure, based on how man conceived his world a few thousand years ago, is sometimes faulty and may result in inadequate maps of reality.

As the class progressed, they learned to use "semantic devices" which served to remind them of the dangers inherent in language.

The use of the expression "to me" will remind a student of semantics of "projection." Very often it is a discrepancy between the situation as it seems to others and the situation as it seems to the individual that causes futile arguments or disagreements. We should be conscious of the tendency to "project" our own feelings or reactions to a situation or object and then treat them as if they were part of the event in question.

"As far as I know" is a reminder that we do not have "all" of the facts. Quite frequently very important factors of a situation on which a decision must be made are unknown and a reversal of opinion may be necessary.

"Etcetera" is also a reminder that there are many factors which have been left out and that there is much more that can be said on any subject.

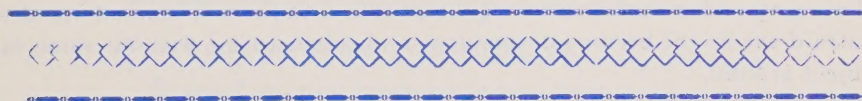
A new member or a visitor to the class is usually intrigued by the collection of variously colored wooden pegs and the series of wooden plaques containing holes in which these pegs can be inserted. All these make up a device known as the "structural differential" which can be used to illustrate the process of abstracting and point out the word troubles we can get into when we are unaware of how this process works. The abstract terms that we use in everyday speech point out the similarities between objects or events. By plugging in colored pegs which represent more concrete characteristics, we recognise the importance of differences as well as similarities.

One or two of the classes were devoted to illustrating how and why information may become distorted when passed from person to person. Statements were passed through the use of a tape recorder and a half-dozen of the class members. When the final versions were played back and compared with the originals the members not only had a good laugh, but also became impressed with the fact that "the version you hear may not have been what really happened." This probably accounts for the frequent use of the questions "How do you know?" and "What do you mean?"

If you visit one of the more recent classes, you may enter the schoolroom and find one man sitting calmly at the front while the remainder throw a barrage of insults, ask embarrassing questions, try to draw him into an argument, or use any other method short of physical violence to make him mad.

The fellow at whom all this verbal bombast is directed? He just smiles. They're only using words and in the past months he has been learning to regard words objectively and avoid or control his reactions to them.

One important comment should be made before closing this article. This is a "to me" article which skims very lightly over the group-therapy classes and barely scratches the surface of the subject of general semantics. As there are so many points which could have been enlarged upon, so many more that have not even been mentioned, and so very many more that I am unaware of, I feel that there is only one suitable way in which to end. "ETCETERA."



"Tens of thousands of years have elapsed since we shed our tails, but we are still communicating with a medium developed to meet the needs of arboreal man. . . We smile at the linguistic illusions of primitive man, but may we forget that the verbal machinery on which we so readily rely, and with which our metaphysicians still profess to probe the Nature of Existence, was set up by him, and may be responsible for other illusions hardly less gross and not more easily eradicable?"

OGDEN AND RICHARDS



ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

Retirement Plan For Drunks

Since you cannot refrain from drinking, why not start a saloon in your home? Be the only paying customer and you will not have to buy a licence. Give your wife \$55.00 to buy a case of whiskey. There are 240 drinks in a case. Buy all of your drinks from your wife at 60 cents a drink. When the case is gone, your wife will have \$89.00 to put in the bank and \$55.00 to buy another case to continue in business. If you live another 10 years, and buy all your booze from your wife, then die, your widow will have \$27,085.47 on deposit—enough to bring up your children, pay off the mortgage and marry a decent man with some self respect. She can then live the rest of her natural life and forget that she ever knew you.

Figures prove that women spend at least 75% of their time—sitting down!

A well known New York antique dealer who prides himself on his ability to spot valuable pieces was strolling along Second Avenue one day when he glanced into a junk store window. He stopped short. In the window lay a sleeping cat, curled up in a priceless chinese bowl.

Casually, pretending no real interest, the dealer ambled into the shop. He asked about several worthless objects, then came to the cat and the bowl. "That's a nice cat," he said to the proprietor. "Would you like to sell her?"

"That cat is the only thing in this world that I love," the shop owner replied. "I couldn't part with her."

"I'll give you twenty five dollars," offered the dealer.

"I just couldn't do it," sighed the proprietor.

After about an hours hectic bidding the cat owner agreed to sell his animal for two thousand dollars.

"Of course you don't mind throwing the bowl in with the cat," smiled the dealer. "I'm afraid she might become despondent and refuse to eat without some familiar object around."

"Oh, no!" the proprietor replied firmly. "From that bowl, I've already sold eight cats."

"I look forward to a world, in which, sanitation will be managed by the Americans, interplanetary matters by the Russians, hotels by the Swiss, cooking by the French, and bird watching by the British."

Pierre Dannios in LOOK

A western town had just finished installing its new electric chair when a desperate horse thief was captured. "This is a square dealin' community," the judge explained to him. "So before you get the fair trial the law entitles you to, I'm going to ask you one question—do you want AC or DC?"

Hoets Corner

By Ken Leishman

While at rest in the yard we hear the bells ring.
To an old-time con it means only one thing.
As we're called to our cells in the middle of day,
We know that a comrade is stealing away.
We on the fourth tier peer over the wall.
Against all those searchers, his chances seem
small.
They call in the dogs and throw up the blocks,
While off in the distance our departed friend
walks.
As we lay in our cells awaiting the news,
We consider his chances and exchange our views
It seems he's long gone, his trail now grows cold.
From the "most wanted list" his face will peer
bold.
'Tis a mighty big world upon which to set sail,
But one careless deed and he's back here in jail.
He could do a deuce more ~ to some that is small.
You can bet your reversion it'll be inside the wall

By G. Allen

Now don't get down-hearted budddy,
If you find you're receiving no mail.
The broads soon forget that you're living;
They can't use a daddy in jail.
You're young and believe what they tell you
About sticking right through to the end.
Well the broad that won't bolt,
While you're doing a jolt,
Is one in a million my friend.

PENALTY DISPARITY

BY A.E.M.

While it is no doubt true that some offences are more serious than others and that therefore the perpetrators must expect more punishment for some crimes than would be meted out to them for others, the practise of giving one man a stiff jolt and another a comparatively light penalty for identical offences is a deplorable facet of the present way of dealing out justice.

We understand that there may be a world of difference in the circumstances surrounding two crimes dealt with under the same section of the criminal code, but all too often the deciding factors which influence a judge to severity are irrelevant and should not, in justice, be used against the accused.

One of the most flagrant instances of this is the handing out of so called exemplary sentences during crime waves.

It is the equitable right of every man to be tried and sentenced for what he himself has done, according to the seriousness of the offence and not for what is, has been or will be done by someone else.

It is the duty of the judge to protect society, but the disregard of the individual's rights is against the principles of justice.

It has been demonstrated through the ages that the severity of punishment applied in the case of one individual does not constitute a deterrent to anyone else.

A learned trial judge illustrated another instance of disparity when he said, "I believe that when two accused are caught in the same offence and under the same circumstances they should be tried before the same judge so that equal justice may be meted out to them."

Either the judges should be subject to an Executive Council with the power to ratify or modify sentences, or a board should be formed with the power to review cases of prisoners who have received stiff sentences and adjust them according to relevant circumstances and the crime committed. This would eliminate extraneous and irrelevant prejudices.



"Just a few weeks ago the details of nine fictitious offences, along with pre-sentence reports on the "offenders" were set down for the consideration of 50 Ontario magistrates. Even when based on exactly the same facts, their dispositions ranged far—in one case, from probation to 14 years imprisonment.

As a result it often seems that an offenders punishment is determined less by what he did than by what court tried him. Even when this impression is completely false—and sometimes it isn't—there's always the danger that disparate sentencing will undermine the concept of equal justice and bring the law into contempt."

(Reprinted from the TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL)

A GLANCE AT THE CARPENTER SHOP

BY MITCH HERMAN.

And so like little bees, with hammer and saw, they builded and buzzed 'til erect came the house as a monument to the efforts of the carpenters. The pictures on the following pages show some of the busy little bees in the carpenter shop at Stony Mountain. The picture on page 12 shows the production of lawn furniture for filling custom orders and chairs piled up, as in any industrial plant, ready for shipment to various penitentiaries. On page 13 inmates Ibey and Wasiuk are putting the finishing touches to one of the inside walls of an automobile house-trailer that has been requisitioned by a staff member of the penitentiary.

The carpenter shop at this institution is located on the second floor of the shops building in the industrial or number one yard. The shop is approximately eighty feet long and forty wide, having a tool crib partitioned off near the door and an office next to the crib. The rest of the shop is used by an average of forty inmates per day under the supervision of Instructor E. Bobby, who is assisted by two other carpenter instructors in charge of that portion of the inmates called the outside gangs. These outside gangs take care of all the carpentry that cannot be brought into the shop, on the job maintenance and capital construction. The shop itself is responsible for such parts of construction as can be prefabricated; such as cabinets, door and window frames, stair risers, railings, etc.

Instructor Bobby is well qualified for his job. He was apprenticed in cabinet making during his early years and worked his way up, serving a term in carpentry in the Canadian Navy, to his present position of Carpenter Shop Instructor at the Manitoba Penitentiary.

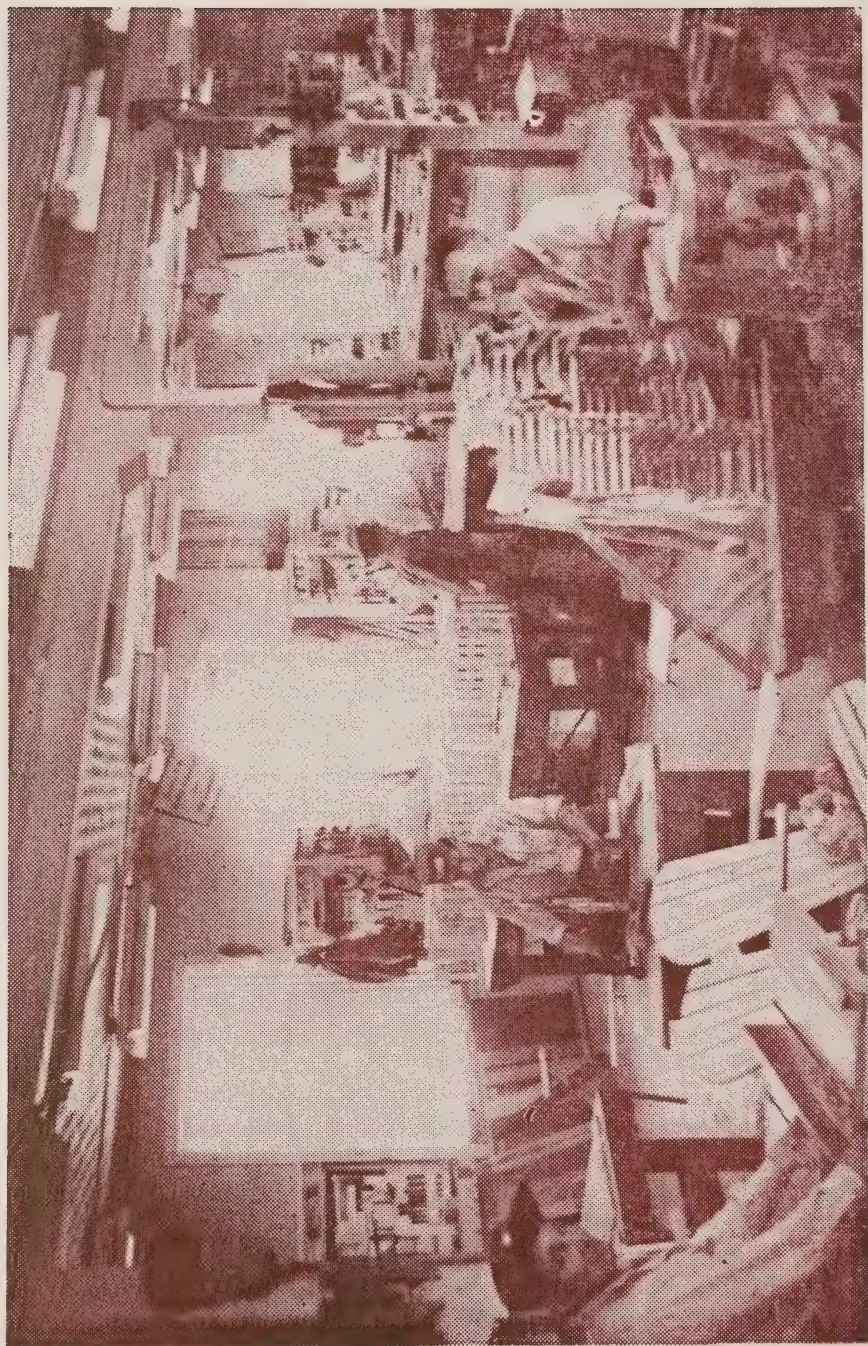
Without the assistance of the carpenter shop, the Inmate Welfare Committee would have to go far afield to obtain the necessary moulding for hobbycraft production. The carpenter shop turns approximately \$800.00 of raw basswood and hardwood into finished moulding for them annually. They also searched the continent for white ash which was used in the manufacture of baseball bats last year.

During the year the shop has turned out such items as playground teeters and slides, household and school furniture, and even a flagmast for H.M.C.S. Chippewa on custom orders. The year before they produced a catamaran that was well received. This year a contract for refinishing Department of Public Works furniture has been obtained by the penitentiary and it carries the proviso "to look as good as new when refinished." The carpenters have tackled the initial shipment of these repairs with gusto and apparently have succeeded in fulfilling the proviso.

All the work is done by inmates under the supervision of an instructor who tries to give the best he can. Results have shown up in the cellular activities of such inmates as J. Holland and A. Kabaluk who manufacture hand carved, inlaid coffee tables that they sell at bargain prices.

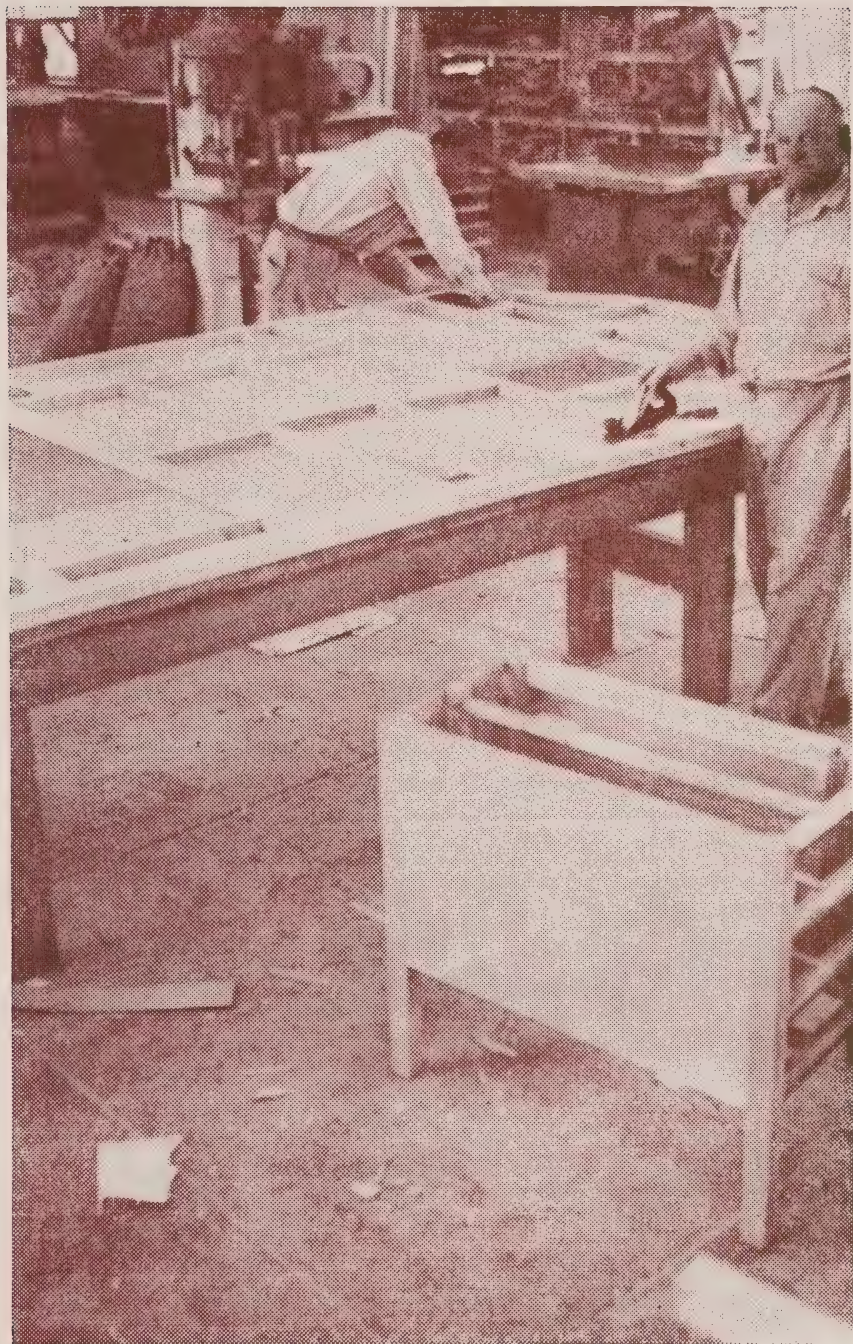
The shop equipment and machinery, some of which can be seen in the pictures, is fairly modern and boasts of at least one piece coming from as far as the Watkins Company in England. With this equipment, handled by the inmates, the shop does its own turning, shaping, jigging and even steam bending.

PHOTO



Dolly Ware, Bob McKennev, Mr. Bobby, Carpenter Shop Instructor and Alex Kabuluk are shown along with some of the cell chairs and custom lawn chairs, and other furniture currently being produced in the Carpenter Shop.

FEATURE



The above view shows two members of the Carpenter Shop gang, Adam Waziuk and Frank Ibey, engaged in the building of a house trailer.

THE KISS

by B. M.

As a result of some obscure and now completely forgotten occurrence, a country passes legislation which makes it a criminal offence for a man to kiss a woman on Sunday. Immediately the incidence of crime rises sharply. In a desperate attempt to reduce the crime rate police forces are increased. New techniques to apprehend offenders are put into operation and more and more criminals are brought to justice.

As special morality squads swing into action, it becomes apparent that more measures must be taken to curb crime. A law is passed making it a penitentiary offence for both partners if convicted of kissing on Sunday.

Again the crime rate soars. Penitentiaries overflow—more are built. Homes are broken up as parents go to jail and relief agencies are swamped. Huge sums of money are appropriated to catch and house the armies of new criminals that have suddenly sprung into being. Taxes soar as more and more criminals are put into prison.

The authorities become desperate; what can they do? Finally, any person suspected of kissing on Sunday is immediately executed. A cloud of doom hangs over the whole country and committees to study crime and punishment are formed and disbanded. How can they rid their once reputable society of this insidious spectre of crime which permeates it? What is the answer to this complicated and devastating state of affairs?

As a last resort they dispatch a plea to a serene and secure neighbor asking for some hint of a solution to save them from their dilemma.

The sages of this older culture confer momentarily, smile and nod knowingly; for experience has taught them the solution. The answer is sent. The messenger arrives and the desperate hands of the country's leaders tear open the missive which holds the solution. Their hands tremble and the blood drains from their faces as they read the seven simple words: Make it legal to kiss on Sunday.

Ridiculous? Of course! Let's see—in Canada there are hundreds of addicts serving anywhere from a few months to life imprisonment and hundreds of others that were convicted and sentenced for a crime that was perpetuated to support a habit.

There are special drug squads that do nothing but concentrate on the detection and conviction of drug sellers and users. Millions of dollars are being spent and some persons are advocating the death penalty for anyone selling drugs illegally.

The addict population is continually increasing. As the pressure is put on the price goes up, for the user, for the government and for the taxpayer. The field becomes more dangerous and profits soar. More addicts are indoctrinated, the narcotic squads are increased and more people go to jail.

As the clamps are tightened, the price of drugs jumps again. Theft, robbery, prostitution, and every other type of crime, minor and major, increases. The press takes up the cry. Law enforcement agencies expand. Taxes go up. The authorities become desperate; something must be done to counter the alarming amount of new crime and criminals.

New legislation is passed; any person convicted of a third enditable offence automatically can be charged as a habitual criminal and sentenced to life imprisonment. As the crime rate soars, the penalties get heavier and the danger increases — profits bloom. The jails overflow; more are built. Huge sums of money are appropriated and spent in a futile attempt to solve this appalling problem. Death, misery, and unhappiness can be found everywhere as the inevitable and only possible sane solution is avoided.

The solution? In England there is not one person serving time for drug addiction. Drug addiction in a country three times the population of ours is a very minor problem and crime involving narcotics is virtually non-existent. Why? Experience has taught them that the culture of the kiss produces the kids that want to try it.



People who claim to know say that I smoke the worst cigars in the world. They bring their own cigars when they come to my house. They betray an unmanly terror when I offer them a cigar; they tell lies and hurry away to meet engagements which they have not made when they are threatened with the hospitalities of my box. Now then, observe what superstition, assisted by a man's reputation, can do. I was to have twelve personal friends to supper one night. One of them was as notorious for costly and elegant cigars as I was for cheap and develish ones. I called at his house and when no one was looking borrowed a double handful of his very choicest, cigars which cost him forty cents apiece and bore red-and-gold labels in sign of their nobility. I removed the labels and put the cigars into a box with my favorite brand on it—a brand which those people all knew, and which cowed them as men are cowed by an epidemic. They took these cigars when offered at the end of the supper, and lit them and sternly struggled with them—in dreary silence, for hilarity died when the fell brand came into view and started around—but their fortitude held for a short time only; then they made excuses and filed out, treading on one another's heels with indecent eagerness; and in the morning when I went out to observe the results the cigars lay all between the front door and the gate. All except one—that one lay in the plate of the man from whom I had cabbaged the lot. One or two whiffs was all he could stand. He told me afterward that some day I would get shot for giving people that kind of cigars to smoke.

MARK TWAIN

THE TATLER'S TALES

Ken Leishman, our recent arrival from Kingston Pen, philosophied with a sigh: "The weather's fine here, fellas." He then added, "I shouldn't've left it."

The mighty Johnny Trojan and his mob claim "squatters rights" to the Giant's scoreboard. "It's closer to the Peg," he was heard to say.

Silent Bill, who nearly went over the hill, is not so silent after all. The next time he rolls his 5:00 A.M. smoke, using rough flints in his lighter, disturbing Rocky's peaceful slumber, it's back to the sticks from whence you came—M-1-23.

Among the "penitent" we saw "Mike" free of sin, light as a feather, Rosery in one hand and coffee mug in the other as he stood by the kitchen door after Sunday Mass. Now that you got your cup of coffee, you can return my Rosery, Mike.

Jimmy Stevenson, alias Jimmy Johnson, alias Mr. James Smith, alias etc., etc., was pleasantly shocked by the friendly smiling inmates at Stony Mountain. "Look," he exclaimed, pointing at the Warden's Deputy, Col. John Wickey, "even he smiled at me"

Advice from our "Top-most" committee man, Larry Shirley: "Smile man," (What's the name of the show, Larry?)

No one at Stony Mountain is so "wrong" that he won't eat cheese unless it's served on a mouse trap.

The lost tribe from B.C. wandered the sands aimlessly asking questions no one could answer. "We're all accounted for," their spokesman said complainingly. "Who started the rumor that we arrived with five men missing?" Ask Armand.

Saw Herbie Singh checking off the list of new arrivals from B.C. He wanted to make sure his old pal "Kie" didn't stop off at Edmonton on his way here.

Among others from B.C., bringing with him his musical talent and good-will, was "George," known by all, liked by all.

"Coca-Cola" Pete and Gus, the hobby-craft frame department experts don't have to worry about competition from Father Bedford, R.C. Chaplain. After blowing fifty bucks on a mitre-box, he couldn't afford a saw. Result? He donated the mitre-box to the inmate frame-room.

Was it our committee-man, Vic Seibel, who enrolled in a correspondence course because he didn't want to be "ignorant?"

B-2- Tony has turned bridge instructor. He's teaching Provost, recent winner of the bridge tournament, how to play "real" brige. Commented Tony, "Boy! What a powerful partner you must have had."

If you're thinking of makeing a key-case, please let Oliver Martin lace it for you. There's nothing he'd rather do than lace key-cases.

NEWS

IN

BRIEF

PRISON CHAPLAIN LEAVES FOR SUMMER MONTHS

Throughout the summer months, the friendly figure of Reverend Father H.J. Bedford, S.J. will be absent from the pulpit of Stony Mountain's Roman Catholic Prison Chapel and from St. Joseph's Church in the village of Stony Mountain.

Father Bedford, prison chaplain and pastor of the Stony Mountain parish for the past 18 years, has been called by Provincial Father, Very Reverend Gordon George, to the ecclesiastical staff of the Jesuit Martyrs' Shrine, near Midland, Ontario. There, from June to early October, at the Jesuit Shrine which yearly attracts thousands of pilgrims, Father Bedford will assist in the handling of the numerous duties connected with the Shrine.

Handling the duties of Father Bedford as prison chaplain and pastor of St. Joseph's Church will be Jesuit Father Brown, who has recently arrived from Sudbury, Ontario.

LONG-TIMERS LEAVE STONY

The attention of Warden C.E. DesRosiers was recently directed to two of Stony Mountain's "long-timers" by the Minister of Justice, Hon. D.E. Fulton. The "long-timers" were John C. Brown, time served -37 years, and Charles Ellison who had served 40 years.

No, they didn't receive paroles. On June 9th, Warden DesRosiers presented to each of the men, on behalf of Mr. Fulton, a certificate of commendation for their long service as members of the Penitentiary staff.

The spotlight had also been directed to long time members of the staff some three weeks earlier when Warden DesRosiers and Deputy Warden J.H. Wickey had as their guests at the Legion Hall in Stony Mountain, officers of the Manitoba Penitentiary who had completed 25 years or more of service at the penitentiary, and were still in service. It was suggested at this meeting, believed to be the first of this sort in the history of Canadian Penal Institutions, that a Gold Chevron Club (25 years service) be started across the Dominion. It is interesting to note that Mr. Brown and Mr. Ellison, who both retired at the end of May, have more than enough service for three memberships when the club is formed.

TV SET PURCHASED BY INMATES

Older members of the inmate population who are unable to participate in active sports are now able to pass some of their time watching TV in the sports office during exercise periods. The problem of what to do from 5:00 to 6:30 each evening was lessened considerably when Father Bedford, R.C. Chaplain, was able to make arrangements for the purchase by the Welfare Committee of a TV set at the wholesale price.

When the Committee decided to pool donations from the inmates to cover the cost of the set, Father Bedford started the ball rolling with a \$25.00 donation. Donations from the inmates, plus the odd \$5.00 bill from some of the senior members of the staff, quickly made up the amount required and the set was installed.

THE FACE OF JUSTICE

Fiction By Pat Saito

The alarm clock rang shrilly, raising its voice raucously to the sleeping man. Judge Adams turned over in bed and angrily slammed the button down to shut it off. Sitting up in bed, he ran his fingers through his sparse hair.

"God! Another strenuous day so go through," he remarked. "Well, I feel sorry for whoever comes before me today if I don't feel any better."

At ten o'clock, he felt a little better but lines of weariness still etched themselves on his face. They did not improve his appearance for his face was a perpetual scowl. He grimaced as he thought of the inane argument with his wife at breakfast. It was the same old thing.

"If only you hadn't"

Yes if only I hadn't been so strict, she might have still been with us, he reflected. But what else could I do? She insisted on going out with that worthless boy. His father is a nobody. No daughter of mine is going to shame us by marrying beneath her station. So what if I did arrange it so that he had to leave town? It isn't my fault that my daughter ran away after that. I gave her everything; a good home, nice clothes, the very best in the way of schooling. That's gratitude for you!

As he prepared to enter the courtroom, a disturbing thought came to him. "Maybe you are too strict," a tiny voice said. "Remember that young lad that you sentenced to the penitentiary? Perhaps placing him on probation would have been better."

Nonsense, he thought angrily. I know what I did was right. He was incorrigible, a menace, and besides, I did him a favor. In the penitentiary he will have all the opportunities to better himself. He will learn a trade. Yes, I did him a favor.

In a way we judges are like gods, he mused. We must do what is best for others. Think of all the lives that we have straightened out. Some of these maudlin sob-sisters would turn all law-breakers loose. We make men of them.

He did feel somewhat like a god as he sat on his high seat and surveyed the assembled court below him. A god ready to dispense justice; to protect society from the evils of the world.

The first case on the docket was a young woman who had been arrested for prostitution. She stood in front of him with her head raised defiantly, asking no quarter and expecting none. This was her fifth appearance in court. She knew the judge well.

Frowning distastefully, he quickly dispensed with the case by fining her \$150 with the alternative of three months in jail.

The second case was similar in offence, but the woman was younger. She was actually a girl in her late teens. She was thin and poorly dressed. She raised her, downcast eyes fearfully and then looked at the judge imploringly when he asked what she had to say for herself.

"Please, your Honor. This is the first time I've done anything like this. I am sorry now. I didn't really want to do it, but I was hungry and had no place to sleep."

"That is no excuse. You could have looked for work. Surely you could have done something else. Why aren't you at home? Where are your parents?" he asked sternly.

"I have no home," the girl whimpered tearfully. "My dad kicked me out."

"That is still no excuse. I have no sympathy for women of your kind — 150 dollars or three months in jail," he snapped.

While awaiting the next case, he wondered about these women that were cluttering the city streets. They were evil, he reasoned. It was up to him to stamp them out. Still, that last girl did seem to be a good girl basically.

I wonder what sort of a man her father is. Imagine a man driving his own flesh and blood out in the streets! What beasts some men must be, he thought. Perhaps her father should be the one on trial. He was the reason for her downfall.

His meditation was broken by the next case. Another girl to be tried for soliciting.

Oh no! he thought to himself, not another one. Well I'll show this one.

He noticed indignantly that this girl was atrociously dressed in a short, tight skirt and a sweater that seemed several sizes too small. Her head was bowed so that he could not see her face clearly, but what he saw of it made him curl his lip disdainfully. For what he could see of the girl's face was heavily made-up with splotches of rouge and heavy mascara.

By now, he was tired and disgusted with these women of the streets. He felt a deep hatred when he thought of the type of fathers they must have. Fine fathers indeed! Why couldn't they raise their daughters as he had raised his. They needed a strict hand and rigid discipline. His daughter, wherever she was, could never turn out to be one of these creatures.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" he thundered angrily.

The girl slowly raised her head and looked at the judge, who had suddenly turned pale.

"Hello father," she whispered.

Unwed mothers, men with prison records, the youngster who "pulls a boner," the man who was once called "yellow" — these know well how it feels to be haunted by people who react as if lives are not in process. Note how the words "thief," "dumb-bell," "quitter" give little sign that the men behind the labels have nervous systems that in life keep going, changing from date to date. Only the labels sticks.

IRVING J. LEE



COURT OF OPINION



Within the next few months you will be leaving this institution. There are many problems awaiting most persons upon their release from a penal institution such as finding employment, arranging finances, overcoming possible prejudices because of the past, or just getting used to being in the outside world again. What do you feel will be your most difficult problem when released and what plans do you have for overcoming it?

Alex Kabaluk—Carpenter Shop:

"There are two things of vital importance which are uppermost in the newly released inmate's mind. In the first place, a home or place to stay at where he can regain his bearings. Secondly, in most cases he needs a job to tide him over and ease him back on his feet. In other words a harbor to cling to when the going gets rough.

"Being a bit more fortunate than many others, I have a home to go to but that does not by any means put me above or in the forefront of those who haven't. I, along with the vast majority, cannot deny the painful fact I'm being released with several strikes against me and that this chance at bat may well be my last one.

"To lessen the possibility of further trouble, I must walk alone and walk small. Also I must admit that I will have to deviate from the paths of those, though well-meaning some of them may be, associates with whom I cannot congregate."

Bob Young—R.C. Chapel:

"My problem will be to avoid returning to drink. With all of the excitement and pressure of the first few weeks, one must be constantly on guard against the temptation to try a short-snort after such a long time, particularly if things do not seem to be going as well as one had expected.

"The help I have had from our A.A. Group and the spiritual guidance I have received from Father Bedford have given me answers that I need. I am confident that as long as I remain a member of A.A. and follow the A.A. way of life, there will be no problem that I cannot overcome."

Cece Allen—Kitchen:

"Many problems facing men when leaving an institution are self-created. My own problem is such that even the public hesitates to suggest a workable solution—so how can I?

"Society has created the problem by allowing law enforcement agencies to treat it as a criminal offence. Until they allow the Medical Association to handle the problem, there is no answer for me. I am a drug addict."

GIANTS K.O. O'KUM INN WITH 6-3 WIN

By Frank Kramaric

On Sunday, June 1st, in a game of the month contest before a good sized crowd of fastball fans, the Stony Mountain Giants climbed atop the victory wagon for the third straight week with an impressive 6 - 3 win over the highly rated O'Kum Inn.

"Both the Giants and O'Kum Inn," commented local fastball announcers John Hines and Mystery Mac over the PA system, "enter this game with perfect records." Each of the teams was definitely riding high on the heady success of an early string of victories which had levitated them into the upper stratosphere of the W.S.F.A. league standings.

The Giants All Stars took the field with three wins in as many outings, while O'Kum Inn started with a 4 - 0 record.

At this point of the season however, the laws of gravity under the guise of Stony Mountain Giants set out to prove to O'Kum's players and fans alike that "what comes up must go down." Working with the impartiality of an umpire, who shows no respect or concern for names or places, they rudely brought O'Kum back to earth. When the afternoon dust and sun had settled, the Giants were the undefeated sole possessors of first place in the W.S.F.A.

Here's how it happened. The Giants came to bat in the bottom of the first three runs behind. O'Kum's Sharpe had led off for the visitors in the top of the first with a single. Hyra was hit by a pitched ball, putting runners on first and second. Gunter slapped a single, scoring Sharpe. An infield boot by the Giants scored both Gunter and Hyra, making the score three to zero before the Giants could put out the fire.

The Giants however were not to be defeated and they showed the stuff of champions by coming back against the sharp fielding O'Kum nine. Erison singled and moved to second on Shirley's sacrifice. McKillop came up, watched a couple of pitches go by, picked out one he liked and parked it on top of the Sports Office in center. The score was three to two in O'Kum's favor as the second inning started and remained the same until the bottom of the fifth.

Erison cracked out his second straight single and advanced to second on a passed ball as the fifth inning started. Shirley followed with a single that scored the fleet-footed John. McKillop, hitting star of the day, garnered his third straight hit, a solid double that scored Shirley. Bird added fuel to the fire with a single, scoring McKillop and keeping the rally alive. Spike Watcher then clinched Stony's victory as he teed off and slapped a double off the wall. Up until the fifth inning, O'Kum still had hopes of a win, but the taste of victory soured in their mouths as Watcher "spiked" their drinking cup.

For the Giants, shortstop McKillop sparkled at bat and on the field. His fielding brought murmurs of approval and applause from the visitors' stands and his bat delivered the dividend blows for the Giants. John Erison and Gord Bird played their usual fine all around game. Montgomery pitched his usual reliable game, hurling and excellent four-hit performance against O'Kum for second straight win.

GIANTS CLIP KIEWELS

WITH CIRCUIT CLOUTS.

On June 22, the Stony Mountian Giants, rallying Frank Merriwell fashion with a thrilling ninth inning finish, nipped Kiewel's Brewers by a close 7 to 6 score to register their fifth victory in six outings against W.S F.A. competition.

Riding home on a circuit clout that sent Kiewel's hopes of victory sailing out of the ballpark, the Giants came from behind in the ninth inning when Gordon Bird slammed his second home run of the day with Red McKillop on base. The blow of the day brought in the tying and winning runs.

The climactic finish by the Giants, thrilling as it was, was almost overshadowed by the powerful display of heavy hitting artillery that they paraded to the plate in the bottom of the first when they were trailing Kiewel's by a 1 - 0 score.

With one away, smooth-fielding Jimmy Grant, newly arrived from British Columbia, belted a home run into the right field bleachers. Red McKillop came up next and belted one into cornfield territory. Bird then blasted the third straight home run of starter E. Richter, a prodigious blast that sailed over the sport's office, giving the Giants a 3 - 1 lead.

In the second inning the Giants made it 4 to 1 as their leading batter, John Erison, tripled and scored a few moments later on a passed ball by Kiewel's catcher.

In the third, "Moose" Nelson got the first of two doubles and scored when Barker singled to give the Giants a 5 - 1 lead.

Kiewel's scored a run in the fourth, making it 5-2 in favor of the Giants, but three runners were left stranded as Beaudreau lined out to end the inning with the bases loaded with potential runs.

They made it 5-4 in the fifth when Naugler walked, B. Neillings doubled and both runners scored on R. Pagett's second hit.

In the sixth inning, with the bases loaded with Kiewel's runners and no one out, Lansing relieved the Giant starter Barker, and managed to get the Giants out of a jam. Three consecutive runners were forced at home plate to retire the side and once again Kiewel's left three runners stranded on base.

Kiewel's took the lead in the 8th when they scored two runs to make the score 6-5 and the stage was set for the Giant comeback in the ninth.

Hitting stars of the game were Bird with two round trippers, and Grant and McKillop with one each. Grant, Nelson and Watcher had two hits apiece while McKillop went three for five.

Barker and Lansing pitched effective ball for the Giant's allowing nine hits but slamming the door on a couple of occasions when a hit would have turned the tide for Kiewel's.

STATISTICS

"A" League Team and Hitting Records

Teams	GP	W	L	T	RF	RA	BL	Pct.
Cardinals	7	6	1	0	45	20	..	.857
Yanks	7	3	2	2	45	42	2	.571
Dolgers	7	2	4	1	38	47	3½	.357
Braves	7	1	5	1	29	48	4½	.214

Names	GP	AB	Bh	Rbi	1bh	2bh	3bh	HR	W	Sac	SO	Avg.
Kramarie	6	19	9	7	8	1	-	-	3	-	1	.473
Boyd	6	17	8	9	4	1	2	1	1	-	-	.471
Bevan	5	15	7	3	5	2	-	-	2	1	1	.467
Bird	5	12	5	6	2	-	1	2	4	-	-	.417
Caron	7	25	10	3	6	4	-	-	-	-	4	.400
Towle	7	20	8	5	8	-	-	-	4	1	2	.400
Proulx	5	15	6	3	1	4	-	1	4	-	3	.400
Watcher	6	17	6	2	3	1	2	-	1	-	2	.353
Klan	6	20	7	4	5	1	1	-	2	1	3	.350
Montgomery	7	23	8	6	4	3	1	-	-	-	-	.347

"B" League Team and Hitting Records

Teams	GP	W	L	T	RF	RA	BL	Pct.
Giants	5	3	2	0	51	39	-	.600
Red Sox	5	3	2	0	44	27	-	.600
Orioles	5	2	3	0	37	56	1	.400
Cards	5	2	3	0	36	46	1	.400

Names	GP	AB	Bh	Rbi	1bh	2bh	3bh	HR	W	Sac	SO	Avg.
Severight	5	20	15	3	12	3	-	-	1	-	-	.750
Chittick	5	20	10	8	6	3	1	-	1	-	2	.500
Ramsey	4	15	7	6	3	1	3	-	-	-	-	.467
Poitras	3	11	5	1	4	1	-	-	-	-	1	.455
Casey	6	23	10	6	10	-	-	-	1	1	2	.435
Sherman	5	19	8	12	3	4	-	1	1	1	3	.421
Yokety	6	17	7	7	2	4	-	1	4	-	3	.412
Jaworski	6	20	8	1	7	1	-	-	1	-	2	.400
Lavery	6	15	6	5	3	2	1	-	4	-	4	.400
Carrots	3	10	4	2	2	2	-	-	2	-	1	.400

International League

Teams	GP	W	L	T	RF	RA	BL	Pct.
Sputnicks	6	4	2	0	70	74	-	.667
Tigers	5	3	2	0	73	57	½	.600
Cloverleafs	7	3	4	0	81	91	1½	.429
Wanderers	5	2	3	0	67	69	1½	.400

SPORTS NOTES

By Frank Kramaric

Come this July 1st, with colorful pennants flying in the breeze and silverware shining in the sun, Stony Mountain will again take on the appearance of a miniature Assiniboia Downs as three teams of athletes vie with one another for prizes and points in the running of the Mountain's 8th Annual Track and Field Meet.

Included in the 25 events listed on this year's program will be the standard 100 and 220 yard sprints, the discus and the shot-put, the hop-step, and jump, and the standing and running broad jump. Added variety and chuckles will be provided in this card through such old favorites as the popular, laugh-provoking pie-eating contest and the Alex Turk race for inmate pensioners in the 65 and over age bracket.

If the weatherman is as generous and co-operative as the 27 outside donors who kicked in to the kitty of prizes to be distributed among the individual win, place and show winners of each event, this year's classic could easily be the most successful of its kind to date.

According to group team captains Armand Proulx, Ray Fortier and Gordon Bird, a record number of men will be entered in the various events.

Hold-over favorites from last year's winners include John Erison in the dashes and base-running events, while Mike Andrusko should show well in the sand pits. Although some of last year's winners could conceivably repeat their 1957 performances, there is still plenty of running room open for any of the new arrivals in the institution who have the potential and are in condition.

Bingo games, especially arranged by the Welfare Committee for inmates who are either too old or unable to participate in the events, will once again fill out the days activities.

Cokes and hot-dogs served a la Coney Island from a refreshment booth will be the Stony Mountain special of the day for the inmate-visitor audience.

July 1st is just another holiday to many people outside these walls, but in the Mountain it assumes the proportions of a New Year's celebration. As "Hammer" Harry Johnson, the most describin' man in the Mountain says, "If you can't compete --- eat!"

The most thankless, if not the most difficult job in the sports set-up in this institution is the job of umpiring. Umpires Joyce, Broadbent and Bell may not always call them right from the point of view of the batter or the pitcher but they call them right according to how they see them.

These fellows get my vote of thanks for doing a creditable job. You can't have a ballgame without umpires.

Al Jackson, Vic Lum, Dick Moisan, Harry Condon, Don Beustead, Don Hambleton and Ray Fortier did a remarkable job of shaping up the tennis court.



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